

PASQVILS JESTS:

WITH
THE MERRIMENTS
OF
Mother Bunch.

Witty, pleasant, and delightfull.



LONDON,

Printed by I. F. And are to be sold by F. Coles, T. Vere,
and J. Wright, 1669.

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PASSO VILS

TESTS

THE MER RIMENTS

Read the Epistle
or read no-
thing.

Witty, pleasant and profitable

BOOK

Printed in London by J. Sturges

TO THE MERRIE

READER.

The description of Pasquil and Mother Bunch.



Oft pleasant Reader, my onely ayme in writing this Book, is but to make thee laugh, and to shorten the tediousness of a long winters Evening. Know then, that noble *Pasquil*, the Author of these Jestes, was in his time, the onely merry companion, who for

Wit, Mirth, Eloquence, and Jovialty, was the merriest Grigg (as saith the Story) that I ever read of. Now for *Mother Bunch*, the onely dainty, well favored, well proportioned, sweet complexioned, and most delightfull Hostess of *England*, she was squared into inches, being in height twenty thousand, and a half, wanting a fingers bredth, in bredth eleven thousand, and two inches and a nayles bredth just; she spent most of her time in telling of tales, and when she laughed, she was heard from *Algate*, to the *Monuments* at *Westminster*, and all *Southwark* stood in amazement, the *Lyons* in the *Tower*, and the *Bulls* and *Beares* of *Parish-Garden* roar'd (with terrour of her laughter) lower then the great roaring *Megge*, she was once wrung with wind in her belly, and with one blast of her taile, she blew down *Charing-Cross*, with *Pauls* aspiring steeple.

To the Reader.

Steeple. She danced a Galliard on tower hill, and all the great Ordnance leapt for joy, and London shook as it had been an Earthquake; Her quotidian, or daily diet was three fat Oxen, two boyled and one roasted, with the Intralls: twenty three fat Muttons, and a quarter, with the Heads and Gethers parboyld: fifteen dozen of fat Capons, with the wings and leggs of seven dozen of young Chickens, and to close up her stomach, ninety and nine dozen of Larks well roasted; and forty seven dozen of two penny wheaten bread, and to every loaf she drank a tun of her strongest May Ale, with Nutmeg and Sugar: Yet she never did rise from the table (as saith the story) but with a good appetite. for her signe she perkt up her hose, that ushered her face red as skarlet, which when she stood upright, looked over the City like a blazing star. And when it appeared, Bakers made hast, and Cooks came running, with whole ovens full of pies, to bake at the sweltering heat which proceeded from her jolly red nose. A most pretious and rich nose it was, set with Rubies of all sorts, and hung in clusters like your French Grapes, which being well prest, yeelded from the abundant goodness five tun of well clarified liquor. She dwelt at with the Author Jim Gornehill (sicere her Exchange) and sold strong Ale, whose health to this day all joviall drunkards never forgets, the many vertues of her Ale is impossible for one penne to write. The Dutchmen were her best customers for a long time, untill the report of her Ale had spread it all England over. Young men and Maids frequented her house, more then either Pymlyco, or the now flourishing Totman-court.

She raised the spirits of her spiggot to such a heighth, that

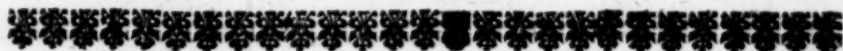
To the Reader.

that Maids grew proud, and many proved with child after it, and being asked who got the child, they answered, they knew not, onely they thought Mother *Bunches Ale*, and another thing had done the deed, but whosoever was the father, Mother *Bunches Ale* had all the blame.

She was an excellent companion, and sociable, she was very pleasant and witty, and would tell a tale, let a Fart, drink her draught scratch her Arse, pay her groat as well as any Chymist of Ale whatsoever, From this noble Mother *Bunch* proceeded all our great greasie Tapsters, and fat swelling Ale wives, whose faces are blown as bigge as the froth of their bottle Ale, and their complexion imitating the out side of a Cooks greasie dripping-pan, and you could hardly go round about her in a Summer after-noon. Mother *Bunch* lived one hundred, seventy and five yeares, two dayes and a quarter, and half a minute, and died in the prime of her charity, for had she lived but two months longer, she had knit Pauls a night-cap, and bought London bridge a payre of Pantoffles to keep his feet out of the cold swelling water. But she died, and left behind her these pleasant tales following, which she used to tell those nimble spirits, which drank deep of her Ale, and as she changed their money, as was generally related.



THese harmless lines that have no ill intent,
I hope shall pass in mirth as they were meant,
What I intend, is but to make you sport,
By telling truth to please the wiser sort:
And what it is, that I have aynd' at now,
The Wise may judge, for Fools I care not how.



Palquils Jests, and Mother Bunches
Merriments.

The Conni-catcher and Priest of
 Paris.



A lewd knabe, a Cheater, espied, a wealthy Priest, whose purse was full of money, lately arrived in the City of Paris, out of the Countrey, to buy necessaries, and with a bold face saluted him, requested his aid in a small matter, concerning a man of his owne calling. What's that (quoth the Priest?) It is sir, (quoth he) this. The Baron of our Totonhath giben me money to buy a Surplese, and I habing small knowledg in it, would request your aid in the choyce of a good one, making no question of your good skill. With all my heart (quoth the Priest.) Comming to the shop of sale, the Connicatcher called for some choyce Surplese, and desired the Priest to choose out one of the best. Which done, intreated him to assay it, whither it were in all points as it ought to be. The Priest was nimble at his game, for it was his dayly exercise, but the Cheater found fault with the making, bearing out such an uncomly bulke at his right side. Oh (quoth the Priest) my girdle and pouch is cause of that, and immediatly loosed his girdle and pouch, willing the Connicatcher to hold it till he had better girted up the Surplese as it ought to be. The Connicatcher habing asmuch as he desired, suddenly leapt out of the shop, and ran away as fast as he could with the Priest's girdle and pouch full of money. The Priest turning about, and seeing his purse and money flying for religion, made all the hast he could in the Surplese after the Connicatcher, crying, and calling, Hold the Thief, Hold the

the Thax. The Connicatcher cried out, Hold the Priest, for he is mad, and will kill me: the Shopkeeper followed as fast as he could, and cried, Stop the Priest, for he hath stolne my Surplees. The people half amazed at this accident, laid hold on the Priest, but before he could declare his misfortune, the Connicatcher was gone far enough, not to be caught again in haste. Which caused much good laughter, and the Priest payed for the Surplees.

The dumbe wife recovered her
speech.

A Certain Farmer had taken to wife a dumbe woman, and hearing a great Magician lately come into England, he took horse and rode to him, and demanded if there were no help for a woman that had lost her speech. The Magician answered, Yea, it is an easie matter, and told him he must take an Aspen-leave, and lay it under her tongue, and it would instantly help her. The Farmer was joyed with this tidings, and returned in haste homewards, suspecting in himself the vertue of his new receipt, and therefore to make the matter more sure, he took three Aspen-leaves, and laid them all three under his wifes tongue, who immediately began to talk and prate very nimble, and in the end upon a very small occasion to curse and rail down right upon her husband as if she had been mad. The Farmer was now in a peck of troubles, and posted in all haste to the Magician certifying him of this unhappy accident. The Magician demanded if he absolutely followed his counsell. The Farmer answered, No, for (quoth he) in stead of one leave, I have used three, hoping to make the matter sure. Warry then God help thee, (quoth the Magician) for it is an easie matter to make a woman speak, but to make her hold her tongue is past my cunning. Nay, all the devills in hell could never work such a wonder. Whereat the Farmer much grieved, departed.

A knack for a Cook.

M^r selfe was once in Rozenberg in Germany, where an old man having his dyet in the house where I lay, and coming into the kitchen the maid complained of a great mischance, I asked her what it was? D (quoth she) my Master and Mistresse will beat me cruelly, for my Furmety is all burne too. The old man sitting by the fire, and hearing the maids complaint, asked her what she would give him and he would teach her a trick to alter the taste of being burnt too, and with no cost. I will give you (quoth she) two pots of good liquoz. Content (quoth the old man) send for it presently; the wench ran in all hast and fetcht it: the old man began to drinke a hearty draught, and gave me also. Now (quoth he) your Furmety tasteth of being burnt too; to alter that, take up your cloathes and scite in the pot, and Ile warrant you it shall taste more of that then of burnt too. The wench had a pestilent wit, and replied bashfully, I pray you (quoth she) do not tell any body, that you have thus deceived me, for then I shall be laughed to scorn. Warry then (quoth the old man) you must give me another pot of Beere for secrecie. With all my heart (quoth the wench) and took the pot and ran into the Keller again, and pist in it, bringing it to the old man: He (good old penny-father) was glad of his liquour, and began to drinke again, but having tasted it, Out you whore (quoth he) this is no Beere, thou hast pist in the pot. True (quoth she) if you can digest Whitten Furmety, pist liquour can never hurt you. The wench was well pleased, the old man was angry, and my self ready to burst with laughter.

The drunken Dutch-man.

A Dutchman living in Paris, having drunk more in one day then he had bled in twenty, was walking to his lodging late in the evening, from the Tabern. By chance a maid (intending to empty the chamber-pot) cries out at the windote

Garde lue, that is, beware the urine, (as the custome of the City is) the man amazed to hear so shrill a voice so late in the evening, stands still and puts off his Hat, and listned for the voice again underneath the Chamber window; she emptying her pot just upon his head, he not dreaming of any thing but the urine, rubs it off his head with his hand, and with somewhat else which was in the pot, all besmeares his head, face, and beard. At last smelling himself to stink intolerably, The Devill take thee for a Quean, quoth he, you bad me take heed of the Ale-pot but here is moze then half the Toast. Which moved much laughter in the maid.

The Tanner and the Butchers Dog.

A Country Tanner that was running hastily through East-cheap, and having a long Pike-staff on his shoulder, one of the Butchers Dogs caught him by the breech. The fellow got loose, and ran his pike into the Dogs throat, and killed him. The Butcher seeing that his Dog was kill'd tooke hold of the Tanner, and carried him befoze the Deputy, who asked him, What reason he had to kill the Dog: For mine owne defence (quoth the Tanner.) Why, quoth the Deputy, hadst thou no other defence but present death? Sir quoth the Tanner, London fashions are not like the Countreies, for here the stones are fast in the streets, and the Dogs are loose, but in the Countrey, the dogs are fast tied, and the stones are lose to throw at them: and what should a man do in this extremity, but use his staffe for his owne defence? Harry (quoth the Deputy) if a man will needs use his staffe, he might use his blunt end, and not the sharp pike. True Master Deputy, quoth the Tanner, but you must consider, if the Dog had used his blunt end, and run his taile at me, then had there ben good reason for me to do the like: but I voto Master Deputy, the Doge ran sharp at me, and fastned his teeth in my breech, and I again ran sharp at him, and thrust my pike into his belly. By my faith a crafty knave, quoth the Deputy, if you will both stand

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stand to my verdict, send for a quart of wine, be friends, and so you are both discharged.

The fools Horse must goe
on foot.

The Duke of Sarons foole rode once behind a Gentleman in progress, and chancing to let a fart, the Gentleman thrust him down backwards, and began to curse, and said, you damn'd Rogue, all farters must goe on foot by Act of Parliament. The foole said nothing but got another horse, and rode alone: it happened that that Horse began to fart also. The foole skipped quickly from his back, and untied and unsaddled him, and set both saddle and bridle upon his own head, driving the horse before him with a stick, and began to curse the horse, saying, you damn'd Rogue, all farters must goe on foot by Act of Parliament. Which his neighbours seeing, heartily laughed.

A Tale of a Scrivener of London and a
Countrey man.

Ifell upon a Saturday being Market day, that a Countrey fellow of a nimble wit, and of the better sort of husbandry, came to London, to lay out a little money upon some necessary trinkets: and having dispatched his business, after he had prettily refreshed his spirits with a pot of the strongest Ale that the Alehouse could afford him, made homeward very merrily: but by the way, casting his eye by chance upon a kind of Writings that shewed it to be a Scriveners shop, and seeing the Master of the poor house, or the poor Master of the house, sitting alone in a rug gown wrapping in his arms, to avoid the bitterness of the weather, minding to make himself a little sport, fell thus to salute the poor Wex-man: I pray you, Master, what might you sell in your shop, that you have so many ding-dongs hang at your door? Why, my friend, (quoth the Obligation
B 2 maker)

maker) I sell nothing but Logger-heads. By my fay, Master, quoth the Country man. you have made a faire market with them, for you have left none in your shop, but your self that I see. And so laughing went his way, leaving much sport to them that heard him.

A witty answer of a Country fellow.

A Forther Country fellow, walking London strats, and ga-
zing up and down at every sight he saw, some mockt him,
others pulled him by the cloake, in so much he could not pass
in quiet. He having as much wit as the boyes knavery, thought
he would requite them for their kind salutations, with some-
thing to laugh at, and to trie their wits: and coming to Pauls
gate, where they sell pinnes and needles, the boyes being very
saucie pulled him by the cloake, and one said, What lacke you
friend? another, What lacke you Country man? Quoth the
fellow, minding to make himself some sport, I want a hood for
an Humble Bee, or a payze of Spectacles for a blind Bear: which
so amazed the boy, that he had nothing to reply, and the Coun-
try man went laughing away.

A pretty tale of a poor man
and a Lawyer.

A Poor man having been much injured by an unkind neigh-
bour, who by the power of his purse would have put him
by the right of his land, went to a Lawyer dwelling not farre
off, to whom having delibered his grief, he gave the Lawyer
little for his counsell, but a great many thanks and Countrey
curtesies, with God save your life, and so forth: entreating him
him to let him know when he should come again, and wait up-
on him for his further advice. Who answered him somewhat
short, When you will neighbour, when you will. The poor
man, upon this (when you will) came oftentimes afterward
to him, but found no will in the Lawyer to speak with him.
Whereupon the poor man telling his wife of his ill hap,
was

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was advised by her to take one of his best Lambs and present it unto him, and then he should see what would follow; her counsel he allowed, took his Lamb, and went to the Lawyer: to whose gate he was no sooner come, but the Lawyer hearing the bleating of the Lamb, opened his Window, called him up, and in two words told him he understood his case and all should be well, wherewith he departed, meeting with his wife going to the Market. after they had been at the Alehouse, and taken a pot or two of the strongest liquor, the poor man got him up into the Market place: and there having his throat well cleared, made this mad out-cry: All ye that have any matters to try in Law, get ye every one a fat Lamb, and carry to your Lawyer: for one word of a Lambs mouth will be better understood of the Lawyer, and doe more good, then twenty of your own, and he had rather have one eleven shillings peece, then all the Angels in heaven.

Of a Citizen of London, that had a flinging.
Horse.

A Citizen riding to Edmonton, had his man attending him on foot; who came so near, that the horse saluted him with a great blow on the thigh. The fellow thinking to be rebenged, took up a great stone to throw at the horse, and hit by chance his master on the reins of his back. Within a while his Master looked back, and seeing his man come halting so farre behind, chid him, saying, thou lazy knave, why comest thou no faster? Sir, quoth his man, your horse hath given me such a blow on the thigh, that I can go no faster. Truly, said his Master, the horse is a great kicker, for likewise with his heele right now, he gave mee a great stroak on the reines of my back: when indeed it was his man that threw the stone, and came laughing behind his master.

Of the Countrey man that caught a
Cutpurse

IT chanced on a Bartholomew-day when men keep Boother
in Smithfield a Countrey Gentleman have some stoze of mo-
ney (and no less honestly) about him, comming to the faire,
would amongst the rest needs view the pictures at that time
hanging in the Cloysters, where was then much variety of po-
sures, personages, stoizes, landskips, and such like, which cari-
eth away the Senses to a kind of admiration for the present:
and as he was thus gazing up and down, there comes a nim-
ble diver (as at that time there resorts many) and closes with
him, and quickly dravos his purse forth of his pocket, and away
he hies him presently: the Gentleman mist his purse, but knew
no how to help himself. Going home to his lodging, and
pondering in his mind how either to regain his loss, or to be
revenged on the Wick-pocket, at length he berhought himself
of this device: he caused an honest Taylor to sew a certain num-
ber of fish-hookes within, and round about the mouth of his
Pocket, with the points of the hooks hanging downward, and
the next day hies him to the same place, in an other Countrey-
like habit, and baites his Pocket with moze money, and there
he stood gazing again at the pictures, presently his former
fish (or one of his fraternity) closes with him again, and dives,
which the Gentleman being watchfull of, gives a slip aside,
and had presently struck the nibling fish into the hand, and se-
ling him fast, begins to goe away, and the moze he hasted away,
the deeper the hookes went into the Divers hand, Oh (quoth the
Wick-pocket!) how now Sir (quoth the Gentleman) what
makes your hand in my Pocket? Will it out I say: Oh sir
(quoth he) I beseech you be good to me: The people ga-
thering together, imagined the Gentleman had an enchanted
Pocket, and that the fellow had not power to pull forth his hand
again, they would have him befoze the Justice. Po (quoth the
Gentleman) Ile carry him my self, so away he went (with the fel-
lowes hand in his Pocket to a Tavern, with two or thre of
his

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his friends, and told him what he had lost there the day before, and unless he would restore it, he would have him before a Justice: which match the fellow for feare of hanging, willingly condescended to surrender. And besides that ten pound, ten shillings more towards the mending of his Pocket: so the Gentleman being well satisfied ript forth his pocket, and away went the Curpurse, who had so much picking work to get out of his hands, he could not use his trade for a moneth after.

How cunningly a knave devised to get money
by his wit, for himself and his
two companions.

Three loytring companions that fell in company together, dominered and swagered so long, that all their money was quite consumed and gone. So being penniless, and having little or no credit at all left, one of them said, We are now in a fair taking: for we may, if we please, seek our Diners with Duke Humphry. Nay, hold (quoth the second). If I come where any press of people be, I can get money enough for us all. And I (quoth the third) can as easily assemble people. They were at that time not much above two miles from a small Town in Barkshire, where, when as thither they came, there was a new Willozy new set up, which the third of them seeing, steps to the Bailiffe, and desires him to have the maiden-head of their new Willozy. The Bailiffe being a Butcher, was half amazed, and standing a while musing, at the last asked counsell of his honest neighbours, and they bid him set up the knave and spare not. So he makes no more a doe, but up he went, and when he was up, he looked about, and saw his two fellow Cheaters busie with their hands in the holes of the Butchers aprons, where they put all their money, To it, to it (quoth he) apace. The people laughed heartily to see him stand there. At last, when he saw that his fellows had sped their matters, and were going away he said to the Bailiffe, Turne the Willozy about, and now I will

will come down. So he, laughing heartily, did. And when he was come down, the Bailiff said, How thou art an honest good fellow, and because thou hast made us some sport, I will give thee a Treaster to drinke : and thinking to take some money out of the hole of his apzon, he found there never a penny. Cockes armes, quoth the Bailiff, my money is picked out of my apzon : and then the rest of the Butchers besides swoze they had lost theirs also. I hope, quoth the fellow, you do not think that I have it. No certainly, quoth the Bailiff, I know well enough thou hast it not : for thou wert on the Pillozy all the while. Why then no harm, for I did it to make you merry, quoth the fellow, and so went his wayes.

A Milk-maids answer to a scoffing
Companion.

A Scoffing companion, walking in the fields, overtook a handsome Milk-maid going a milking being bare-legg'd as in the Country some use to go, and thus saluted her. Fair maid, how long have you worn these stockings? Sir, quoth she, these stockings and a payre of Bzaches of the same, I have worn this thre and twenty yeares, and have but one hole in them, which you may put your nose in. And so she departed laughing.

A merry answer to a merry question.

A Merry Companion, going through the streets of London, espied by chance a handsome Lass going before him, and with one hand she held up her cloathes behind, to keep them from the dirt, it being in the middle of Winter, which he noting stept to her, and thus saluted, Sister, will you let a Lease of your tayle, you have it in your own hand : I Sir, quoth she if your nose will turn tenant. At which witty answer he laughing departed.

Now

How an Usurer doſt ten pounds.

How an Usurer doſt ten pounds.

Aſold Usurer, being a notable fornicator, and keeping a perty handsome wench to be his Valentine, had in their familiarity lent her ten pounds, and after falling out with her, he demanded his ten pounds again, which she denied: he bringing her before a Judge, who asked her if she had not borrowed ten pounds of this man? Po, an't shall please your Lordship, quoth she. Doe you deny that you had ten pounds of him? Po, my good Lord, (quoth she) I had ten pounds of him, but he gave it me. For what (quoth the Judge)? For kissing and feeling (quoth she:) kissing and feeling (quoth the Judge) what's that? My Lord, quoth she, he kiſt my (Arſe) and felt my Ch-bow. At which the Judge heartily laughed, and the Usurer loſt his ten pounds.

The witty reply of a Sergeant.

If the famous City of London (in the reign of William Rufus) a Sergeant of the Mace kneeling before the then Lord Maior, to have a certain Bill assigned with his Lordships hand, and kneeling somewhat long, being much troubled with the Winde-collick, which rumbled in his belly, in so much that he lett a great fart, that all the Hall sounded with the loud noise thereof: Another standing by, being much troubled with the same disease, and hearing what had paſt from the Sergeant, ſaid, Why groan you, my friend? The Maior hearing the buſineſs, ſaid with a ſmiling countenance, I never knew until this day a Sergeant had authority to let goe a priſoner, and it is againſt the Law: Good my Lord (quoth the Sergeant) he was a troubleſome knabe and crept thorow the key-hole, and neceſſity bath no law: which made much good laughter.

A knavish answer of an unhappy Countrey wench
to a foolish young fellow.

A Certain idle headed young man, that lobed to heare him-
self prate though it were of matter to little purpose, upon
a fair day riding to a Market Town, overtook by chance, a-
mong other creatures of her own kind, an indifferent wel-fa-
boured, and well grown Countrey wench, whom singling by
her self as much as he could, he fell to discourfing with, in an
odd manner of lobe-making: when beginning very low, mark-
ing her new shod feet hanging over her doffers, began with this
commendation: Truly Sister, you have a very fine foot there.
Hea sir (quoth the wench) that I have a couple. The young
man thinking to shew some little wit, in a scoffe replied with
this speech: But are they Twins, sister? Were they both born
at one time? So indeed sir (quoth the woman) there hath
been a man born betwixt them. Wherewith her neighbours
that rode by her, falling into a laughter, made him find, that she
was a married wife: and he galloped away with a flea in
his ear.

A flouting answer to a scoffing
question.

A Poor man, upon a time coming into a Market with a
very lean horse, setting him near unto a company of fat
and fair Geldings to be sold, was asked of a scoffing compani-
on, how he sold his horse by the ell? which the poor man ta-
king somewhat discontentedly, and yet not willing to quarrell
with him, made him an answer fit for his question: when holding
up his horses tail, I pray you sir quoth he come put your nose
into the shop and you shall smell the price.

Of a Welchman, how he was served by
the Owle.

In ancient times, I heard of a certain Welchman that so-
lounning all the day long with never a rag of silber, but re-
lised with the charity of well disposed people, which in those
parts (being in the heat of Summer) was Butter-milk and
Whay, and coming to his journeyes end for that night, was lod-
ged in a Barn for want of a Bed: the Butter-milk and Whay
began to work and rumble in his belly, so that he could not
sleep nor take any rest, but prayed to his Welch Saint for his
aid and help. In the morning looking upward he espied by
chance an Owle sitting on a beam in his lodging-chamber
(namely the Barn) he presently thought it had been an Angel
sent by Saint Davie to releive his want, cryed with open
mouth to his Angel, saying, One drop of thy mercy, good Lord,
but one drop, I beseech thee: Presently the Owle spit, which
he caught in his mouth, who cryed again, Enough good Lord,
enough, it is somewhat bitter: I cal'd but for one drop, but
thou hast given two spoonfulls. And so departed his lodging
for that night.

An old Gentlewoman's answer to a flouting
Gentleman.

A Wild headed young Gallant, walking the streets of Lon-
don, met by chance an ancient Gentlewoman, in an old
decayed gown; that by age was worn thred-bare, the Gallant
thinking to break a Jest with her, took up the hemm of her
garment and kist it, which she looking back, espied, said, I pray
sir, what mean you by that? Wh (quoth he) to honour old
age: Alas sir (replied she) you might then have kist my Arse,
it is elder than my gown by forty years. And so she departed
laughing.

Of a woman that sent a new suit of cloathes
to Paradise.

A poore man travelling from doore to doore a begging, being lately come from Paris, a City in France, being invited by hunger to a good simple Country Swaines doore, to ask his almes: his wife asked him what he was, and from whence he came? quoth the fellow from Paris. From Paradise (quoth she) then thou knowest my old John there (meaning her former husband) I, quoth the fellow that I doe. I pray thee (quoth she) how doth he doe? Faith (quoth the fellow) poore, he hath meat and drink enough, but wants cloathes and money. Alas, quoth she, I am sorry for it, I pray thee stay a little; and running up into her Chamber, fetcht down her husbands new suit of cloathes, and five shillings in money, and gave it to the fellow, saying, I pray thee remember me to my poore John, and give him this suit of cloathes and five shillings from me, and wrapt them up in a fardle, which the fellow took, and away he went. Presently her husband came home, and found her very pleasant and merry, singing up and down the house, which she seldom used to doe, and he asked her the cause. Oh husband, quoth she, I have heard from my old John to day, he is in Paradise, and is very well, but wants clothes and money, but I have sent him thy best suit, and five shillings in money. Her husband seeing she was cozened, enquired of her which way the fellow went that had them. Wonder way quoth she, he presently took his best horse Hob, and rode after him for the clothes. The fellow seeing one ride too fast after him, threw the clothes into a ditch and went softly forward: her husband overtaking the fellow, said, Wilt not see one goe this way with a little fardle of clothes at his back? Yes, quoth the fellow, he is newly gone into yonder little Wood, Oh hold my horse, quoth he, whilst I run in and find him out. I will quoth the fellow, who presently as soon as he was gone into the wood, took up his fardell, leapt on horseback, and away he went: The man returning for his horse, his horse was gone: then going home to his

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his wife, she asked him if he overtook the fellow. A sweet heart, quoth he, and I have lent him my best horse hob to ride on, for it is a great long way to Paradise. Truly husband, quoth she, and I shall love thee the better so long as I live, for making so much of my old John. Which caused much good laughter to all that heard it.

Of a worshipfull Gentleman in Lincolnshire,
and his man,

A Certain Gentleman in Lincolnshire, being also a Justice of Peace, had an old servant many years, called Adam Milford, who upon a time came unto his Master, and desired him, in regard he had been his servant so many years, he would now give him something to help him in his old age. Thou sayest true, quoth his Master, and I will tell thee what I will doe: Now shortly I am to ride up to London, if thou wilt pay my cost and charges by the way, I will give thee ere long such a thing, as shall be worth to thee an hundred pounds. I am content, quoth Adam, and so payed for all their reckoning by the way. Being come to London, he put his Master in mind of his former promise that he had made to him. What, did I promise thee, any thing? Yes, quoth Adam, that you did: for you said, you would give me that which should be worth to me an hundred pounds, for bearing your charges to London. Let me see your writing, quoth his Master. I have none, quoth Adam. Then thou art like to have nothing, quoth his Master: And learn this of me, that when thou makest a bargain with any man, look thou take a Writing, and beware how thou makest a Writing to any man. This hath abailed me an hundred pounds in my dayes. When Adam saw there was no remedy, he was content: but when they should depart, Adam stayed behind his Master, to reckon with his Hostis, and on his Masters Scarlet cloak borrowed so much money, as came to all their charges that he had laid out by the way, his Master had not ridden past two miles; but it began to rain apace: wherefore he called for his cloak, his other men made answer, that

Adam was behind and had it with him. So they shrowded them under a tree, till Adam came. When he came, his Master said, all angerly, Thou knave, come give me my cloak: hast thou not served me well, to let me be thus wet? Truly sir, (quoth Adam) I have laid it to pawn for all your charges by the way. Why knave, quoth he, didst thou not promise me to bear my charges to London? Did I, quoth Adam? I quoth his Master, that thou didst. Let's see, shew me your writing of it, quoth Adam. Whereupon his Master perceiving he was over-reacht by his man, was faine to lend for his cloak again, and pay the money.

How mad *Coomes*, when his wife was drowned, sought her against the stream.

Coomes of Stapfords hearing that his wife was drowned coming from market, went with certain of his friends to see if they could find her in the River: he contrary to all the rest, sought his wife against the stream: which they perceiving, said, he lookt the wrong way. And why so (quoth he?) Because (quoth they) you should look down the stream, and not against it. Nay (quoth he) I shall never find her that way: for she did all things so contrary in her life time, that now she is dead, I am sure she will goe against the stream.

Of the Farmer in Norfolk, and his
Physitian.

A Certain rich Farmer having lain long sick in Norfolk, at last sent for a Physitian from the next Market Town: who when he came, he felt his pulses, and viewed his water, and then told them, that he could by no means, nor physick escape, the disease had so much power in his body, and so went his way. Within a while after, by Gods good help, (who is the only giver of all health) the man escaped and was well again, and walking abroad, being still very weak and feeble, he met with his Physitian, who being very sore afraid to see him, asked him if he

he were not such a Farmer; Yes truly (quoth he) I am: Art thou alive or dead (quoth he?) Dead (quoth he) I am: and because I have experience of many things, God hath sent me to take up all Physicians I can get: which made the Physician quiver and quake, and look as pale as ashes for fear. Nay, fear not quoth the Farmer, though I named all the Physicians, yet I meant thee for none: for I am sure a verger dunce lives not this day, than thou art: and then I should be a fool to take thee for one, that art more fit to give doggs physick than men, and so he left him: but the Physician never left quaking till he was out of his Patients sight.

How merry Andrew of Manchester, served a man that would
have put him down in his merry sayings.

ANdrew once was at supper with his friends, and among the company there was one that flouted at his jests and merry conceits. After supper they fell to reasoning among themselves, which was the most reverend part of mans body? One said, the eye: another the nose: a third said the legg: but Andrew knowing that he that spited him should name the contrary, said, the mouth was most reverend of all. Nay (quoth the other) the part that we sit on is the most reverend: and because they all marvelled why he should say so, he made this reason, That he was most honourable that was first set, and the part that he named was first set: which saying contented them all, and grieved Andrew. The next day they all met again, and Andrew coming last, found them sitting all together. And when he had saluted them all, but his enemy, he turned his backside to him, and let a great fart in his face. At which the fellows being mightily angry, said, Talk knave with a mischief, where hast thou been brought up? Why art thou angry (quoth Andrew?) If I had saluted thee with my mouth, thou wouldst have saluted me again: and now when I salute with my Arse, that by thy own saying is the most honourable, thou callest me knave. Then the company fell a laughing at this Jest heartily.

The

The Answer of Mother Bunch to a
Promooter.

Mother Bunch keeping an Alehouse in Cornhill London, had great custome, and got much money, for which some of her neighbours envied her happines, and amongst the rest, one envious neighbour seeing her buy much meat against Lent, knowing it strictly forbidden, and of all the rest took most notice of two leggs of Pork which she bought: And about the middle of Lent caused the Constable with a Promooter to search her house, and in searching they found none. Oh, quoth her neighbour, you have two leggs of Pork in your house, which we must have. Indeed, quoth Mother Bunch, I have two leggs of Pork, but I am loath to lose them they cost me dear, which made the Promooter more earnest then before, and he would have them before he went. Then (quoth she) come down into the Cellar, and I will shew you them: who coming down, he took up her clothes behind, and laid her hand to her tail, saying to the Promooter, These be the two leggs of Pork, come smell if they will keep while Easter. At which the Promooter was inwardly vexed, but could not tell which way to help himself, and in great rage departed.

Of a Doctor and his man.

A Doctor that was newly commenced at Cambridge, charged his servant that he should not say any thing, but which he should aske of him. Within a while after, he invited divers of his friends to dinner, and sent his man to desire another Doctor to come to dine with him. The fellow went, and the Doctor said, I pray you thank your Master, and tell him that I have very great business to dispatch to day. So home he comes, and says nothing. When the Guests were all come, they staid from going to dinner for the other Doctor, When they had staid till two of the clock, he asked his man if he had bidden him come to dinner? Yes, quoth his man, that I did. And

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And why doth he not come? Harry he said that he had other business, and he could not come. Why didst thou not tell me this before (quoth his Master?) Why sir (quoth he) because you did not aske me. Which caused much good laughter to all the Guests.

The Hartfordshire mans answer to the Abbot
of London.

THe Abbot riding in Visitation, came to a place where they had newly built their Steeple, and put out their bells to be new cast. The Abbot coming near the towne end, and hearing no bells to ring, in a chafe said to one of the Townsmen, Have you no bells in your steeple? No my Lord, quoth he: Then said the Abbot, Sell away your steeple. Why so an please your Lordship? Because, quoth the Abbot, it standeth void. Harry said the man, we may as well also sell away any other thing in our Church as well as that, and better too. What is that quoth the Abbot? Harry our Pulpit (quoth he) for this seven years we have not had a Sermon in it, nor I think ever shall, but bells I am sure we shall have shortly.

Of a mad conceited Bulkin.

Bulkin well known in divers places for his mad conceits, and his couzenage, upon a time came into Kent, to Sittingborne: and in divers Villages there-about set up bills, that all sorts of people, young and old, that would come to Sittingborne, on such a day, they should find a man there, that would give a remedy for all kind of diseases: and also would tell them what would happen unto any of them in five or six years after: and he would desire but two pence a peece of any of them. Whereupon came people of all sorts, and from all places: so that he gathered of the people that came, to the value of twenty pounds: and he had provided a Stage, and set it up, and placed a chaire where he would sit: and so they being all come in, and every one set in order, he comes to the gate, and takes the mo-

ney from them that gathered it, and bids them look that good rule be kept, and so they did : also he bid them by and by sound the drumme, and then he would begin his Orations. He, when they were gone, with all hast gets him to the back-side, and there having his Gelding, gets upon his back, and away towards Rochester rides he, as fast as ever he could gallop, Now they thinking he had been preparing of things in a readinesse sounded the drumme. The Audience looked still when he would come : and staying one two or three houres, nay more, thought sure they were cozened. Whereupon one of the company seeing a paper in the chaire on the Stage, took it wherein was written :

Now you have heard the sound of the drumme,

You may all depart like fooles as you come.

Whereupon the men falling to cursing and swearing, the women to scolding, scratching, and biting, were faine to depart like fooles indeed.

Of a Country Priest.

IF the old time, when Holy water was in great request, it so chanced, Sir John our Parish Clark meeting in the Church porch on the Sunday morning before mass, he, with some other Ale-tasters, after they had cleared their eyes with a pot of the best liquoz the alehouse afforded, the Parson began to tell them a strange story, and after he had spit and spauld, and wiped his beard where the Ale hung, like the dropping of a Sope boylers Apozn : as I was walking (quoth he) in my Orchard, looking upon my tythe Wigs in this great wind, (mark good neighbours what happened) with my Hat in my hand, the wind blew down an Apple, which hit me on the crown of my head, and astonished me for three houres after, but by cockes-bode neighbours, had it ben one of my wives great Pumpions, it had beat out my bzaines. At which the rest of his neighbours heartely laughed.

Of a rich Widow of Abington.

This Widow desired of a Gossip of hers, that she would help her to a husband, not for any carnall desire she had, but onely to keep her goods, and set to her lands, which is hard (saith she) for me to do my self. The woman, for all her talk, yet knewe she spoke against her mind: and therefore thre or four dayes after she came to her, and said, Gossip, I have found an husband for you, that is very wise, and worldly given: but he lacks the thing you wot of, whereof I am sure you care not at all. Marry (quoth the widow) let the devill take that husband, if he will: for though I desire not the bodily pleasure, yet, I would not have him lack that thing, which if we chance to fall out, should make us friends again.

How finely one sold two loads
of Hay.

If London dwelt a mad conceited fellow, which with his wit libed with Gallants, and domineered with good fellowes. Not very long agoe, in Hay-harvest, he gets a pitchfork on his neck, went forth towards Islington in the morning, and meets with two loads of Hay, coming towards the City to be sold: for the which he bargained with them that owed the same, for thirty shillings. But whither shall we bring them, quoth they? To the Swan by Smithfield, said he, And so went his way, and left them: then to the Swan he went, to the good man of the house, and asked if he would buy two loads of Hay? Yes, quoth the In-keeper, where be they? Here they come, quoth he, what shall I pay, quoth the In-keeper? Four Pobles a load, quoth the Wake-wift. But at last they agreed for twenty shillings. When they were come he had them unload the Hay. So while they were unloading of it, he came to the In-holder, and said, I pray you let me have my money: for while my men unload, I will buy some stufte to have

home with me. The In-holder was content, and gave him money, and so he went away. When the men had unloaded their Hay, they came and demanded their money. I have paid your Master (quoth the In-holder.) What Master, quoth they? Harry quoth he, he that bad you bring the Hay hither. We know him not quoth they. For I neither quoth he, but with him I bargained, and him have I paid, with you I medled not, and therefore go seek him if you will. and so the poor men were cozened.

Of a young Gentleman that would have kissed a
Maid with a long nose.

A Young scoffing Gentleman would have kissed a Maid that had somewhat a long nose, to whom he said, How shall I kiss you, your nose is so long that our lips cannot meet; The Maid waxing angry in minde, said, If sir you cannot kiss my mouth for my nose, you may kiss me behind, whereas I have never a nose. And so she departed.

Of a woman that went to Confession.

One time a poor labouring mans wife being at Confession, her ghostly father enquired of her, if there was nothing else that troubled her conscience, she told him yes: but she doubted whether she might be pardoned, yea, or no: Yes no doubt (quoth the Confessor) with true confession, penance, and satisfaction, therefore confess. The woman (though loath) yet at length confessed unto him, that she had three children, but the youngest was none of her husbands. Oh, quoth he, that is but a small fault; but I may not absolve you untill you have told the same unto your husband: So away goes the woman very much discontented, and pondering in her mind how she should accomplish this penance, which long she was not about, before she had found a means: To be short, her husband comes home weary from work, after supper makes hast to bed, where he, his wife, and the youngest child lay all together. And sooner was

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was the man faine into a slumber, but his wife pulleth a stiff pin from her head geare, and pricketh the child in the buttock, the child crying, troubled the man from sleep, which made him say, What a plague is this to a man that hath been all day at hard labour, and cannot take his rest in quiet in his bed, for this hawling beate. Then she would again prick it, but she said, she could not help it: till at length she counselled her husband to rise and fright the child, who presently rose out of his naked bed, and cried Woe Bulbegger, away Bulbegger (quoth his wife) it is none of thy child, and then the next day she was absolved by her ghostly father.

Of a Mountibank and a ploughman.

A Brace of Swains being one day at Plough together: the one was a well orderly fellow, the other a young strapping (such an one as our common Proverb calleth a Hobberdehoy) the elder holding the Plough, the other driving the cattle, but still as he was a driving, he was much troubled with an itching or swelling about his groine, which his fellow perceiving, would needs know what was the matter: with much a doe, at last he shewed him, Aye me, quoth he, this is a dangerous matter, and if thou hast not speedy help, thou canst not live: What shall I doe (quoth the younger?) The elder answered, Runn presently to the town, and enquire for Master Doctor, and he will give thee remedy. So away runns the fellow to the Quack-salver, and raps at his doore, out comes his man, and enquired his business, I would speak with Master Doctor, (quoth the fellow.) His man answered he was not now within Aye me, said the fellow, I am then a dead man: At which the Doctors man would faine know the reason, but he would not tell him: Well quoth the man Ile see if he be within. So going up-staires to his Master (who was then at dinner) he told him what the fellow said who starting up presently, came to the fellow, and would needs know his grief: who presently shewed all and said, Without your help there is no life for me. This is dangerous indeed (quoth the Doctor) but we will have speedy

remedy, and calling to his man, bad him fetch a bucket of cold water, and bathe the swelled member therein, who did so, and presently the fellow was recovered: Then asking his Doctor what would content him; Nothing of that (quoth the Doctor) thou art but a servant, and if thou art troubled at any time with this disease, I will help thee for nothing. So the fellow taking his leave with many thanks he departed. Now the Mountebank made hast to his dinner again, and smiling to himself as he sat at his table, his Wife would needs know the reason of his smiling: Nothing, said he, wife: Pray you (quoth she) let me know, at which he answered, It was not fit for her to know it: then she was more importunate then before, that at length she must needs know it: at which tale of his she smiled, but it would not out of her mind. Well the next day the fellow was troubled with the same disease, and to the Doctor he must needs come again: It chanced so, that the Doctor was walked into the town and she had sent her man on an errand, at length the fellow comes and knocks at the doo: then she steps forth to the doo enquiring his business. Worry (quoth he) I must speak with master Doctor: she answered, he was not within: then cryed he out and said, he was but a dead man, Oh (quoth she) you were here yester day, I pray you come in, I can help you with more ease then before. Can you (quoth the fellow) I pray you use your skill. So having him into an inward room, she made triall of her skill. Then the fellow thanking the Doctors wife, departed to his work again, and running throught the town, the Doctor was sitting in his Apothecaries shop with certain Gentlemen laughing at what had happened the day before; and as he was thus speaking, the fellow came by. (Quoth the Doctor) ponder is the fellow. He lay any wager he hath been now at my house: and calling him to him, asked if he had been troubled with his former disease. I (quoth the fellow,) But you are but a dunce, and you shall help me no more, your wife doth cure it farre better, and with more pleasure, and she bids me come every houre (if you are forth) she will help me presently. At which the Doctor hung down his head, and was inwardly vexed: the Gentlemen heartily laughing.

The Lawyer and the
Devill.

TWO Country men being at law, and great suits had been betwixt them, and much money spent in hope to have an end: a friend comes to one of them, and tells him his Adversary had removed his suit into another Court: at which the other replied, let him remove it to the devill if he will, I am sure I shall have a lawyer to follow it.

Of a Gentleman that asked a Lady
forgiveness.

A Certain conceited Gentleman, on a time falling out with a Lady, in a cholerick humour called her whoore, which Lady, taking it in great disdain, to have her ladyships name thus scandalizing, would by all meanes possible have him to the spirituall Court, and either prove her so as he had reported, or else to abide the extremity of the law. But certain friends on both sides, wrought with the lady, and telling her, he was but a fantastick, and a kind of a mad man, and that it would be more for her ladyships honour to forgive and forget, seeing all the world knew her chastity without the least spot or blemish: she at last condescended upon this condition that before certain of her friends, and his, he should aske her forgiveness in the same place he had so wronged her. To conclude, the Gentleman was willing, and so coming amongst them all, he kneled before her ladyship, and spake these words following: Madame, I called you whoore: (tis true,) I am come to aske you forgiveness, (I am sorry for it,) you are no whoore, (I lie) Well sir (quoth the lady,) I freely forgive you with all my heart: but take heed both you abuse a chaste ladies reputation hereafter.

How

How drunken *Mullins* of Stratford dreamed
he found gold.

Mullins being drunk, and lying in his bed, dreamed that the devill led him into a field to dig for gold: and when he had found the gold, the Devill said, Thou canst not carry it away now, but mark the place, that thou maist fetch it another time. What mark (quoth Mullins?) With Wilgrime false (quoth the devill) for that shall cause every man to thin the place, and for that it shall be a speciall mark. Where he did so. And when he awaked, he perceived he had foully bewozaped his bed. Thus between stink and durt, up he rose, and made him ready to go forth. And last of all, he put on his Hat, wherein also the Cat had shit: so, for great stink, he threw away his Hat, and was faine to wash his head. Thus all his golden dream was turned to a —

Of a young woman of Barnet that sorrowed for
her husbands death.

If Barnet was a young woman, then when her husband lay a dying, sorrowed out of measure, for fear that she should lose him. Her father came to her, desiring her to be contented: for he had provided her another husband, a far more handsome man. But she did not onely continue in her sorrow, but was also greatly displeased, that her father made any motion to her of any other husband. As soon as her other husband was buried, and the Sermon was done, and they were at supper, between sobbing and weeping, she rounded her father in the ear, and said: Father, where is the young man that you told me should be my husband? for verie shortly I purpose to be married. At which her father suddenly felt a laughing.

A poor Beggars answer to a rich
Citizen.

A Poor begger, that was foul, black, and loathsome to behold, came to a rich Citizen, and asked his almes. To whom the Citizen said I pray get thee hence from me, for thou lookest as though thou camest out of hell. The poor man perceiving he should get nothing, answered, forsooth sir, you say truth, I came out of hell indeed. Why didst thou not tarry there still, quoth the Citizen? Marry sir (quoth the begger) there is no roome for such poor beggers as I am: all is kept for such Gentlemen as you are.

A tale of the Countrey-womans
answer.

A Countrey-woman passing along the high-way towards the Market, it being a cold frosty morning, was compelled to unburthen her self of fatures due, and it happened to be on the top of a hill: no sooner had she ended, but two Countrey fellows, strangers unto her, came by the same way: one of them willing to make himself merry with this accident, he thus salutes the poor woman. Good wife (quoth he) in our Countrey when the Hens lay an egge, they use to hackle. 'Tis true indeed (quoth the woman) and so would I have done too, my friend, but that I fear'd such a knave as thou art, would have stolen my egge. Yet to save your longing, take one mouthfull, and be gone. the Countrey-woman went laughing away, he having not a word to reply.

The subtilty of Kindlegale the Lawyer repayed
with the like craft.

There was an unthrift in London, that had received of a Merchant certain wares, which came to fifty pounds, to pay at three moneths, and at three moneths: but when he had it,
E he

he consuied and spent it all: so that at the six moneths end, there was not any left to pay the Merchant: Wherefore the Merchant arrested him. When he saw there was no other remedy, but either to pay the debt, or goe to prison, he sent to a subtil Lawyer, and asked his counsell how he might clear himself of that debt. What wilt thou giue me (quoth he) if I doe? Five marks (quoth the other) and here it is: and as soon as you haue done, you shall haue it. Well, saith the Lawyer, but thou must be ruled by my counsell, and doe thus: When thou comest before the Judge, whatsoever he saith unto thee, answer thou nothing, but cry Bea, still, and let me alone with the rest. So when he came before the Judge, he said to the Debter, Dost thou owe this merchant so much money? Bea (quoth he.) What beest (quoth he?) answer to that I aske thee. Bea (quoth he again.) Why how now, quoth the Judge? I think this fellow hath gotten a shaps tongue in his head: for he answereth in the shaps language. Why sir, quoth the Lawyer, doe you think this Merchant that is so wise a man, would be so foolish, as to trust this Idiot with fifty pounds worth of ware, that can speak never a word? No sir I warrant you. And he perswaded the Judge to cast the Merchant in his own suit. And so the Judge departed, and the Court brake up. Then the Lawyer came to his Client and asked him his money, since his promise was performed and his debt discharged. Bea (quoth he,) Why, thou needst not cry Bea any longer, but pay me my money. Bea (quoth he again,) Why, thou wilt not serue me so, I hope (quoth the Lawyer) now I haue used thee so kindly. But nothing but Bea could Master Lawyer get for his paines, and was faine to depart with a sea in his ear.

Of a woman that desired her husband might
go to the Devill.

Of a Winters evening a Countrey husbandman went to fetch his wives home to milk, driving them into the backside, he forgot to shut the gate, and he comes into the house, sits him down by the fire side: the wive finding the gate open ran trotting and lowing down the durty lane toward the field, and the mans daughter looking forth at the doo: and seeing them, cries out to her Mother, Faith my father is a fine man, I think the wive are gone to the devill. Shall I goe after them? So (quoth her mother) daughter you are too forward: Let your father goe, he's sitter, he has his hie-hoon on.

Of a Gentleman of Norfolk and
his Host.

A Gentleman of Norfolk, as he was riding towards London in the Winter time, and sitting by the fire side with his Host, untill supper could be made ready, there happened a Rabbit to be at the fire a roasting, which the Gentleman perceived to be verplean, as he thought, Quoth he unto his Host, We have Rabbits in our Countrey, that one will drip a bottle, and bast it self. The In-kaper wondred with himself, and did think it to be a lie, but would not say so, for manners sake, and because he was his guest: but thinking to requite him, So to truely, quoth he, it is very strange: but I can tell you of as strange a thing as that: Which the Gentleman was desirous to hear. Quoth he I had as fine a Grayhound as any was in England: and if I had happened to goe abroad to my grounds, the Grayhound would alway goe with me. And sometime there would start out a Hare before me, which my Grayhound would quickly catch. It fortun'd that my dog died, and for very love that I bare to him, I made me a bottle of his skin, to carry drink withall, So, one time in hay harvest, my folkes being making of hay in my grounds, and the weather

bot, I filled my bottle with Beere, to carry to them, lest they should lack drinke. And as I was going along, there starts a Hare out of a bush befoze me: and as it was my custome, I cryed, fto, now, now. My bottle leaping from my girdle, ran and chacht the Hare. What (quoth the Gentleman) me thinks that should be a lie. Truly sir, said the In-keeper, so did I think yours was. The Gentleman perceiving that he was requited for his kindness, held himself contented.

A tale of a Gentleman and his
man.

A Gentleman upon a time habing a man that could write and read well, rebuked him one day for idleness, saying, If I had nothing to doe like thee, I would to recreate my wit, goe set down all the fools I knew. The fellow making little answer, took his pen and ink, and as h's Master had wished him fell to setting down a Catalogue of the fools that he was well acquainted with: among whom, and first of all, he set down his Master, who reading his name, would needs know the nature of his folly. Marry, quoth he, In lending your Cozen twenty pounds the other day: for I think he will never pay you. Hea, but (quoth his Master) what if he doe pay me: then (quoth his man) I will put out your name, and put down his for a fool.

The King of France his reward to a
Miser.

The King of France, Charles the fifth, being presented by a poore Gardiner, with a Turnep of a huge greatness, gave him for his reward five hundred crowns, giving him charge to lay it up, and keep it safely for him, till he did call for it. Which bounty being noted of all his Court, and chiefly observed by one covetous rich officer of his house, caused him, in hope of some greater recompence for a greater present, to present his Majesty with a faire and goodly horse: which the King thankfully receiving,

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receiving, noting his miserable nature, and that his gift rather
was procured from hope of gain, then good will, called for the
Turnep; wherewith he rewarded the miserable Ake: at which,
he no less fretted, then all that saw it heartily laughed. And
so I wish all such Churlies to be served.

The answer of a Gentlemans man to his
Master.

A Worshippfull Gentleman in London, having on a time in-
vited divers of his friends to supper to his house, and be-
ing at supper, the second course comming in, the first was one
of the Gentlemans own men, bringing a Capon: and by chance
stumbled at the portall door, the Capon flew out of the platter
and ran along the board to the upper end of the table where
the Master of the house sat, who making a jest of it, said By
my faith, it is well, the Capon is come first, my man will come
anon too, I hope. By an by came his man, and takes up the
Capon, and layes it in the platter, and sets it on the board. I
thank you sir, quoth his Master, I could have done so my selfe.
I, quoth his man, it is an easie matter, sir for one to doe a thing
when he sees it done before his face.

Of a drunken fellow that fell in the fire.

There was a notable drunkard of Rochester, whom his wife
perswaded as much as in her lay, to leave that sin: but
the more she spake, the worse he was, and because she con-
trouled him, he would all to beat her. So she let him alone:
and because his use was still to stay out till almost midnight, she
went to bed, and had her maid tarry up for him, and make a
good fire: and the maid did as her Mistresse commanded. One
night when he came home the maid let him in, and he stood
by the fire and warmed himself: but his head being too heavy
for his body, down he fell into the fire along. The maid ran

creping, Oh Mistress, Mistress, my Master is falne into the fire. No matter Maid (quoth she) let him take his pleasure in his own house where he will himself.

Of King Henry and the Countrey-man.

King Henry riding on hunting, in the County of Kent, he came by chance to a great gate, that he must needs pass thorow, and in the way stood a Ploughman, to whom the King said, I pray the good fellow open me the gate: the fellow perceiving it was the King, stood like an image, and said, No, and it shall please your Grace (quoth he) I am not worthy to be in that office, but I will fetch Master Cooper (which was a Justice) that dwelleth but two miles hence, and he shall open you the gate. And so ran away as fast as ever he could, leaving the King to open the gate himself.

How a woman to hide a small fault, shewed a greater.

A Woman of Romford had for some cause shaven her head, and newly as she put off her kerchief off her head, one of her neighbours called for her hastily into the street. When her neighbour saw her so, she blamed her for coming abroad bare-headed. She remembering her self, whipt up her cloathes from behind her, over her head. And so to hide her head, she shewed her bare taile.

Of a Boobee.

In Coventry two trades-men falling at oddes, the one called the other Rogue, Rascal, Villain, Base-fellow, with many other reproachfull termes of disgrace. The party thus wronged told the other he was a Boobee, and still whatsoever the other said, he replied, Thou art a Boobee, and I will prove it: then departing in a great chafe: his adversary laughing, and

and going in great anger through the City, at last met one of his neighbours, of his familiar acquaintance, and after some conference, told him, that there was a great falling out betwixt himself and such a neighbour, and named his Adversary, shewing also how many reproachfull termes he had given him, and still he called him Boobæ, and he was desirous to know what a Boobæ was: Why, said his friend whom he met, give me but a quart of wine, and I will tell you what a Boobæ is, which he willingly condescended to doe. Being in the Tavern, one pint was called for with Sugar, and still he was desirous to know the meaning of a Boobæ, Say stay (quoth his friend) we must have the other pint, so it was called for too, and the reckoning by him paid for: he now desired to know what a Boobæ was. Quoth his friend, a Boobæ is he that being married a twelve month and a day, and hath not seen his wives Concupiscence, he is a Boobæ and no other. Say then (quoth the Boobæ) he saith true: for one night as she lay sleeping, I went to see her Merkin, and coming with a candle, and softly pulling up the cloathes, she up with her legs and let a fart, which blew out the candle, after which, I durst not attempt any more, at which his neighbour heartily laughed, and he remained a Boobæ.

A Jest of a plain Country fellow.

A Plain country fellow, riding along the high way, met by chance a Coach, and therein was sitting a very handsome Gentlewoman in rich attire. The plain Country fellow seldom having seen a Coach before, admired at the sight he saw, thinking it had been some heavenly vision: Traveling thus with admiration, he presently meets with a Gentleman riding after the Coach a good pace, whom the Country fellow thus saluted, God save you sir, I pray you what Lady rides in yonder whirling house. It is (quoth the Gentleman) the Queen of Spades good honest man. I thought so indeed (quoth the Country fellow) the Knave of Clubs posts after so speedily.

A Gentlewomans witty
answer.

A Gentleman walking in the fields for his recreation, overtook by chance a Citizens wife, which was a very handsome proper bodied woman, with a good leg and foot, which gave him great content, seldome having seen the like, and going forwards to see her face, which done, he thus saluted her. Faire Lady, had I liked you as well before, as I doe behind, I would have made bold to kiss you. Sir, quoth she, I pray you leave your compliments, and kiss where you like. At which sudden answer of hers the Gentleman departed, having not wit equall to reply.

How a mad man in Gloucester-shire answered
a Gentleman.

If Gloucester-shire dwelt one that cured frantick men in this manner: when their fit was on them, he would put them in a gutter of water, some to the knees, some to the middle, and some to the neck, as the disease was on them. So one that was well amended, standing at the gate, by chance a Gentleman came riding by with his Hatoke, and his Hounds. The mad fellow called him, and said, Gentleman, whither go you; On hunting (quoth the Gentleman.) What doe you with all those Hites and Dogs? They be Hatoke and Hounds, quoth the Gentleman. Wherefore keep you them (quoth the other?) Why (quoth he) for my pleasure. What doe they cost you a year to keep them? Forty pounds (quoth the Gentleman.) And what doe they profit you (quoth he?) Some ten pounds (quoth the Gentleman.) Get thee quickly hence, quoth the fellow, for if my Master find thee here, he will put thee into the gutter up to the throat.

Of an Hermit by Paris, that lay with all the
chiefest Gentlewomen in the
Countrey.

THis notable knabe that under colour of holiness, enticed all the chiefest Patrons of the Countrey to folly; at last, his doings were detected and known, and he was brought before the Duke of Anjou, which to heare the number of them, for his pleasure, called his Secretary to write them down. The Secretary had them recount them. The Hermit named to the number of seven and twenty of the Dukes servants wives, and others, and then stood still and said nothing. Is there no more (quoth the Duke?) No, and it shall like your Grace, (quoth the Hermit,) Tell troth, quoth the Secretary, for if thou dost not, thou shalt be sharply punished. Then said the Hermit, sighing, to make up the eight and twenty, wixt thine own wife in the number. Whereupon the Secretary for very griefe let fall his pen. And the Duke laughing heartily, said, I am glad that he that with so great pleasure, hath heard the faulcs of other mens wives, should now come into the same number himself.

Of a holy Sister.

A Sister of the purer sort being at home alone, and her husband walked abroad, a brother of acquaintance came to visit her, who after some salutations (and having this opportunity) the spirit began to work, and he must have a bit to stay his stomach: well, there needed no great siege when the sort is willing to yield, in the mean time one knocks at the door. Oh (quoth she) verily we are both undone, there is my husband at the door. Ay me my holy sister (quoth he) what shall I doe? Hide (quoth she) my pure brother pour self on the Tetter of the bed. So up he got, were he lay in a pitifull fear. She coming to the door, another bird of the same feather saluted her. saying, Dear sister, I met thy husband abroad, and now

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I am come to visit thee at home. Wh (said she) he will not stay. He jeopard a joynt (quoth he) and into her chamber he rushes, where he said he would use her neither better nor worse then he did his own wife: she being loath because of her other companion on the Tetter of the bed, but he would have no deniall, and she durst not seem too strange because of her former familiar acquaintance: Well, you may imagine what you please, but in the mean time her husband knocks at the dooꝝ indeed, what shift to make with her second love she knew not, nor must she stand to consult, yet at last she willed him to creep underneath the bed to hide himself. Then her husband coming into the Chamber, found the bed tumbled, and other such like suspicion, and enquired of his wife who had been there, for he had some cause of ieaiousie? Merily (quoth she) sweet husband, here hath been no body since you went. Thou liest like a whoore (quoth he.) Surely (quoth she) there is one ~~above~~ knows all. The man on the top of the bed hearing her say so, and thinking she meant him, answered, You lie like a queane, there is one under the bed knows as much as I doe. Whereby they were both discovered.

Of a Maid that would have her Maidenhead
again.

A Country young Girle, of the age of fifteen, was to be married on the Sunday following, and on the Thursday before she came to London to buy a Hat, and her mother gave her nine shillings to buy a Hat and Band, and bad her buy as handsome a one as she could. The maid came to London, and at Ludgate-hill lighted into a shop, where by chance the Master being a Batchelor, and within, seeing a handsome Maid, shewed her the best and of good price. She said she had not so much to give as he demanded. Why sister (quoth the Habberdasher) if you have no money, I will take your Maidenhead for payment for my hat. Maidenhead (quoth the Wench) what's that? Why come up into the next room (quoth he) and I will tell you? which she willingly did, what he did with her you may imagine,

Imagine, but he had her Maidenhead and gave her the Hat. The Wench very glad of this good fortune, of having her money again, and a new Hat too, went home very merrily to her mother, and shewing her her new Hat, which her mother liked exceeding well: But (quoth she) what didst thou pay daughter for it? A small matter (quoth the daughter) and I have my money too. What (quoth her mother) daughter, I hope you have not stolen it? No (quoth her daughter) mother, the Haberdasher gave it me. For what (quoth her mother?) if he would have no money: Forther, quoth she, he desired to have my maidenhead, and had it, and gave me a quart of wine too, and this new Hat and Band. But thou whoze, quoth her mother, goe take money with you, and goe to London again and fetch your Maidenhead of him, and pay him for his Hat, Which she did, and coming to Ludgate-hill, divers askt her what she lackt, at last she espied him, and gave him the Hat: who called her in, and up staires they went. Sir, quoth she, my mother hath sent me for my Maidenhead again, and I have brought you money for the Hat. That thou shalt sweet-heart, quoth he, and made no more adoe but presently took her into his Chamber as before. At which jest there was exceeding good laughter.

Of the two Travellers.

SIR Gregory Fobbe, a great traveller, meeting at an Ordinary, began to relate to Sir Lionell Loudlier, what strange wonders he had seen in his long and tedious travels, (as travellers may lie by authority,) quoth he, I have seen a Cabidge so big, and great, that it covered a peece of ground some seventeen akers, and an Army of fifty thousand fighting men stood (to save them from the rain) under the leaves of it, and had not one drop of rain fell upon their Armour. Oh, quoth Sir Lionell Loudlier, that is nothing to the strange wonder I have seen, for in my travells I have seen a Cauldron a making so huge
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and

and big, that three hundred and fifty men wrought on it, driving in the nailes with great hammers, and they stood so farre asunder, the one could not heare the other knock. But (quoth sir Gregory Fobbe) what was that Caldron made for? (quoth sir Lionell Loundlier) To boile your great Cabbage in, and to parboyle their tongues that told so loud a lie. Which great wonders moved much good laughter.

The answer of a witty Country
Maid.

There was a company of merry Youths walking from Bansted, four miles from London, met by chance two Country witty Wenches, going from London with Baskets on their armes: quoth one of the men, faire Maid, what news at London? Oh sir (quoth one of the Maids) God send you better fortune then one had at London to day. Why (quoth one of the men) what was the matter? Sir (quoth the Maid) as he lay sleeping in the fields, Pies came and pickt a hole in his taile; so big you can hardly cover it with your face. And so the Maid departed laughing.

A pretty tale of a Bridegroom and the
Bride.

A Man of middle age, having been a notable wench in his youth, and making love unto many, promising marriage unto them, untill he had his pleasure of them, and then he cast them off as his fancy served. At last was suter to one wiser then the rest, (that had formerly been so served in trusting to the promises of young men, they having had their wills of her, he finding he could not prebaile, thought her honestier then the rest) and would needs marry her, and did so, and to his wedding invited all those with whom he had lien, and wished them to bring every one a bride-cake, which they did. His Bride at night asked him what all those Maids were, that so kindly brought so many Cakes. Those Maids (quoth he) I have lien withall

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withall every one, and as many moze, and promised them marriage untill I had my will of them, which if I could have had of the, I would never have married the. I (quoth she) have been often so served, and if I should have bidden all those men bring Chases which have lien with me, we should have had Cake and Chase enough for this twelve-moneth. Which the Bride-maids hearing, fell into a laughter, and all was discovered.

Of him that did talke and prate, and knew not
the Law.

A Notable young Rogue, having plaid some notable knavish prank, was for the offence to be whipt, and as he was ready to be tied to the Cart, he said to the Beadle that should whip him: Here is ten shillings for the, I pray the use me kindly, and deal not too cruelly with me: to whom the Beadle promised great curtesie; but being tied fast to the Cart, he whipt him very severely. The fellow called unto him, and bad him remember his promise: What knave (quoth the Beadle) dost prate, and talk and knowest not the Law. Afterward being released he berhought himself how he might be revenged on the Beadle, and seeing him stand in the Market, picks a pocket, and puts the purse into the Beadles pocket, and goes to the fellow, from whom he had stolen the purse, saying Friend doe you miss nothing? who presently cries out, saying, He had lost his purse. Wonder Beadle hath it (quoth he) and you shall find it in his pocket, I saw him take it. The man that had lost his purse goes unto the Beadle, and apprehends him, for his purse, who utterly denied he had it, neither knew of any such matter. But being found about him, he was condemned to die for it. The pick-pocket being imprisoned again for some small fault, desired he might be hangman for that day, and it was granted: When the Beadle came to be hanged, Sirrah (quoth the pick-pocket) doe you remember how you whipt me the other day when I gave you ten shillings? I (quoth the Beadle) I pray the forgive me, I am now ready to dye. I, sirrah (quoth he)

thank me for it, for I pickt the purse, and put it in your pocket. With that the Beadle began to cry aloud, saying, Hold, hold. What knave (quoth the pick pocket) do'st talke, and prate, and knowest not the Law. And so he turned him beside the Ladder.

The Irish mans welcome into
England.

A ſuntravelled Irish man intended to ſee England, and arriving at London, chanced to light on a Barbers ſhop, ſuppoſing by his cluster of Baſons hanging at the dooꝛ, it muſt of neceſſity be ſome penny-pottage Ordinary: and wanting the language entred the ſhop, and pointed to his mouth, meaning ſome victuals to ſtay his hunger. The Barber gathered by this ſigne, that the poore fellow had pain in his teech, and deſired to have one pluckt out; willed him to ſit down in his Chaire, and approached with his diſmall inſtruments towards the fellows chaps. The Irish man began to wonder at this ſtrange kind of feeding, giving the Barber to underſtand (ſo well as he could) he was never brought up to that kind of feeding, and with an unmannerly thruſt, bad him, Abant. The Barber half diſcontented, tumbled the Irish man with his Chaire upſide down, who ſprawling on the ground began to ſeek after the dooꝛ, and made as much haſt to his lodging as he could: where, meeting with one of his Country-men, he prayed him of all lobes to depart this Country of England, and return to that worthy Ireland. For (quoth he) the devil dwels here, and no honeſt men, ſince when a poore ſtranger makes ſhew of hunger, the knaviſh Inhabitants will break out mens teeth like dogs, and ſo ſend us to our Country again with never a tooth in our heads: which cauſed much good mirth to all that heard it.

The Gentlemans debt paid, when his
beard was shaven.

A Gentleman of Franckford in Germany, had borrowed of a Jew (of the same town) a thousand Duckets, and missing his day of payment, he sought from time to time to absent himself from his Creditor. Not long after, the Jew espied him going into a Barbers shop, and ran presently and fetcht a couple of Serjeants to arrest the debtor now at the Barbers a trimming. Which done, the Jew came and found the Gentleman half shaven, and demanded whether he would instantly discharge his debt, or accept the arrest. The Gentleman being driven to a nonplus, caught sudden hold of his sword and asked the Jew, if he would not attend till his beard was all shaven? The Jew answered, Yea with all his heart. Why then (quoth the Gentleman) Barber and Serjeants bear witness what the Jew hath promised. Contented (quoth the Jew,) Well Barber, then I will not have my beard shaven this twelve-month. The Jew began to stamp, curse, and ban, and finally procured the Serjeants to carry him before a Governour, who well considering the matter, dismissed both the Gentleman and the Jew, as both free men, without farther challenge of debt, untill the Gentlemans beard was all shaven, which till his dying day he never suffered. And the Jew lost his money.

A Jest, saving your reverence, worth the
laughing at.

If a City, I find not where, met a company, I know not who, and about I know not what: but after that they had laid their heads together, to conclude upon a thing of nothing, as the use is of such kind of people, fearing to surfeit of fasting, they got them to dinner, where, when their bellies were full of toine, their braines set their tongues to work about wonders: and having made a great noise to little purpose, they fell to questioning

questioning among themselves, what was the rarest thing in the world. One, he said, the Phoenix because there was but one, and she killed her self, and lived again of her own ashes. Another said, a Diamond, because it would write in glass: another said, a Parrot, because it would speake like a man: another said, a true friend, the world was so full of falshood: another said, Gold, for that it wrought wonders in the world: and another said, Love, because it robb'd wise men of their wits. But while they did thus differ in their opinions, one merry companion being willing to say his minde, upon a sudden falling into a laughter, told them they were all fooles, for he knew a rarer thing then all they: which they desiring to know, he told them it was a sweet arse-hole. Whereat every one holding themselves by the nose, left of their talk, and laughing at the fool, rose from the table.

Of a Parish Clark.

Often have I heard my Grandmother tell, that in her dayes a Parish Clark of London, having been a notable good fellow, sitting up all one Saturday night at Cards with some of his boon Companions, so that upon Sunday he was very sleepe, in so much that as Master Warlon was at Sermon, he fell fast asleep: when the Minister had ended his Sermon, it fortuned he was still fast asleep, which a neighbour espying, not willing to have it seen, steps unto him, and puls him hastily by the sleeve, who as it seemed was adreamt of his last nights play, and presently started up, crying with a loud voice, Hold, hold, a paire of knaves and one and twenty: which caused much good laughter to the Parish, and he was dismiss of his place.

A quicke conceit of a witty Wench.

A honest Country Farmer, whose wife was great with child, and longing for a paire of wood Widgeons, intreated her kinde husband, by all means possible to procure them, who against the next Sunday most carefully did as his wife had willed: This plain dealing man (hearing the last peale to Service) away he hies him: In the mean time his wife, good woman, thinking the time tedious till she had satisfied her longing desire, with all expedition causeth her maid to lay the Widgeons to the fire, and being but half roasted, she made a quicke dispatch. In the mean while, Service being ended, her husband inviteth the Vicar of the Parish (being a Batchelor) to dinner, which he most kindly accepted. Coming home together, the good man bids him welcome, and brings him into his Hall, where the cloath was already laid, and called to his Wife and Maid to bring away the meat, his wife having eaten the roastmeat, and seeing the Vicar to dine there, was much abashed. But, quoth the Maid, Dame let it not trouble you, let me alone to salve the matter. Well quoth her Dame, that shall be tried. Then the good man stepping forth at the back-dooz, in comes the Wench to Master Vicar, and tells him, Oh sir, if you tender your own welfare, as I doe, with all expedition be gone, for my Master being extream jealous of you, hath invited you to dinner, and hath vowed to cut off both your stones, and when you see him whet his knife on the Cart-wheel (as she knew well he usually did) then look to your self: which presently her Master did indeed: at which sight away runs sir Domine, not knowing of the Widgeons, but remembering what the Maid had told him: Presently the Maid comes with open mouth to her Master, and tells him the Vicar had run away with her Dames Widgeons, and it would cost her life if she had them not again: at which, the good man minding nothing but the Widgeons, made all the hast he could, running after the Vicar with his naked knife in his hand, and said, Come again Master Vicar I beseech you, let me have but one, my Wife longs for

one of them. Master Vicar runnes away, and sweares not one, no not one, quoth he, if it would save thy life thou knabe, I prize my ware at a better rate, At which witty conceit of the maids the Mistresse heartily laughed.

A pretty tale of a Complainant, that cried to a Judge
for justice, yet refused it when it was
offered,

Ope Dormo, a certain Tiler sitting upon the ridge of a house, laying on certaine roof tiles, looking back, and reaching somewhat too far, for a little mortar, that lay by him, fell backward, and by good hap, fell upon a man that was sitting under the house, whom with his fall he bruised to death, but thereby saving his own life. Not many dayes after, a son of the dead mans, caused this man to be apprehended for murder, and having him before the Judge, cried unto the Judge for justice: who asking of the prisoner what he could say for himself, received this answer: Truly sir, I never thought the man any hurt, neither did I think to fall: but since it was my hap to hit upon him to save my life, if it please your Lordship, I am contented that he shall have justice: for my self, I had no malice to his father, though I see he hath a great deal to me: but let him doe his worst, I care not, I aske no favour: let him go up to the top of the house where I sate, and I will sit where his father sate, let him fall from the place as cunningly as he can, and fall upon me to save his life, I will be contented. The Judge seeing the mans innocence, and how farre he was from intent of any evil to the man whom he had slain, willed the Complainant to take his course for his contentment: which he refusing, was dismissed the Court, and the Prisoner thus by his witty answer released.

How a Merchant lost his purse between Waltham
and London.

A Merchant that travelled between Ware and London lost his budget, wherein was a hundred pound, who caused to proclaim in all Villages, and market-Towns, that who so had found the same, and would restore it again, should have twenty pounds for his paines. An honest husbandman that chanced to find it, brought it to the Bailife of Ware, and required his twenty pounds for his paines, when he delivered it. When the covetous Merchant understood this, and that he must needs pay twenty pound for the finding of it, he said, There was one hundred and twenty pounds in the budget, and so would have had his own money, and twenty pound over. So long they strove, that the matter was brought before a Justice. When the Justice understood by the Bailiff, that the cry was made for a budget with a hundred pound in it, he demanded where it was? Here (quoth the Bailiff) and gave it to him. Is it just an hundred pound (quoth the Justice?) Yes (quoth the Bailiff.) Hold (quoth the Justice to him that found the budget) take thou this money to thy use, and if thou happen to find a Budget with an hundred and twenty pound, bring it to this honest Merchant man. It is mine, I lost no more but an hundred pound (quoth the Merchant.) You speak now too late (quoth the Justice) for your covetousness hath beguiled your self.

The jealous Merchant.

A Rich Merchant of London had a very fair woman to his wife, and was exceeding jealous of her honesty. It happened that he had occasion to travell into the Countrey, and therefore intreated his wife to grant him one request before he went. What is that (quoth she?) Dnely this, quoth he, that whosoever comes to speak with you untill my return home, you shall alwayes answer No: which she promised to performe. The next morning he departed, and presently after dinner came a Gentleman to have spoken with the Merchant, demanding of the servant for his Master: he is (quoth the servant) gone into the Country. Where is your Mistresse (quoth the Gentleman?) the servant answered, She is above sir. The Gentleman went up, and found her at her book, and demanded if she were the Mistresse of the house? she answered, according to her promise, No. The Gentleman asked if then the Mistresse of the house were within: she answered No, the Gentleman was half angry at the servant, for informing him falsely, and went down, demanding why he had thus mocked him. Sir, quoth the servant, that Gentlewoman that you spoke with, is Mistresse of the house? but my Master hath willed her to answer to all demands nothing else, but No, as fearing her inconstancy. The Gentleman went up again, and began to look more amiably upon the Merchants wife, demanding if she were displeased at his coming? She answered No. For at this kisse (quoth he?) she answered, No. But would you be offended, quoth he, if I should supply your husbands place this night? she answered, No: so the match was made, and the next morning the Gentleman departed. About a moneth after the Gentleman passed by the Merchants house, and espied him and her sitting at the doore, saluted them, and told him, that it was not long since that he had been there to have spoke with him, but the Mistresse of the house answered to every question, No: perceibing this, I demanded if a kisse would offend her? she answered, No: whereupon I demanded, if she would be displeased

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pleased if I should that night supply the place of her husband? she still answered, No: The good woman seeing all was like to be betrayed, began secretly to winke upon the Gentleman: which he perceiuing, presently altered his tale into a dream: And then I awaked out of this strange dream (quoth the Gentleman:) How by my troth sir, quoth the Merchant, if it had not been a dream, I would verily have sworn it had been my wife.

The Maids answer to a Serjeant at Law.

In so fortun'd in the heat of Summer, the weather being very hot, that a Serjeant and a Counsellor of Law would needs take a paire of Dares at the Temple, to goe to Westminster by water: No sooner were they landed upon the staires, but presently the Serjeant spied a good big fat Wench, with her back towards them stooping, and washing of clothes, (as is usual so to doe:) the Serjeant willing to make some sport with the Maid said unto the Counsellor, Look here brother, here is a Wench hath a good big fat paire of Bunches. I sir (replied the Wench) if you had blowne as much wind into them, as I have blowne out of them, they would have been so big, you could scarce have covered them. At which ready and witty answer, the Counsellor most heartily laughed, and the Serjeant was much discontented.

A Souldier prest to beare a
Musket.

A Rude Germane, and untutered in the art Military, seeking service under the States of Holland, was presently admitted to choose his weapon, either Musket, Caliber, or pike, which he pleased: demanding therefore what pay was due to a Musket-bearer: answer was made, five Crownes a moneth. Harry then, quoth he, my fathers Als would prove an excellent Souldier, for He warrant him to carry twenty, if they be orderly laid upon a good pack-saddle. At which the Souldiers much laughed at his simplicity.

A dying mans profer.

A Younger brother of a great house in Germany, was committed upon an action of Robbery, and being convict, and sentence of death pronounced against him, he was very malecontent, wherefore the Preacher came and sought by religious persuasions to comfort him, telling him he should be of good cheer, for his next meales meat should be in heaven with God and all his holy Angels, Faith quoth the Robber, I have small appetite to any heavenly food at this time, but if you will take the dinner for me, I will give you twenty shillings to discharge the shot. Which caused much good laughter to all that stood by.

The tale of the Souldier and the Barber.

I fortun'd not long since, that a Souldier coming to a Barbers shop to be trimmed, sitting in the Barbers Chair, the better to pass away the time, began to relate unto the Barber some strange passages which in the wars he had been a Spectator of, (for he judged the Barber by his looks to be a silly fellow.) And amongst the rest of one of his fellow Souldiers, who was so exceeding active and nimble at his weapon, that if six or eight Muskettiers standing six score of ground from him, discharged at him, he would catch all their bullets feebly upon his Rapiers point. That was very strange, and in my judgment beyond beliefe (quoth the Barber,) imagining it to be a notable lie, bethought with himself how to requite the tale, the Barber said, Sir, we have below in this street a Church, which being out of repaire, they had a ladder containing fifty two ROUNDS set against the steeple, and a labouring man going up the said ladder, did let at every step going up one flart, and two at every Round coming down. The Souldier hearing the Barber thus flout him, rapt out a great oath, saying thou beastly knave, dost thou compare Partiall feats of warre to your base horse tricks, and runs out of the shop with his beard halfe trimmed and half untrimmed into the streets in a great furr, in so much that all the people laughed at the Souldier to see him come out of the shop so disguised.

A tale of the revenge of a Sould.

A Mad fellow newly married, had onely one young child by his wife, of some quarter old, whom he dearly and tenderly loved, but he was much given to good fellowship, and she altogether addicted to sparing and good huswifery: still he used to come merry home from the taberne from his boone companions, to
her

her great griefe, she being as sparing of her purse, as prodigall of her tongue, for she was litte better then a Scold, would oft upbraid him with his expences of money, and time, and to be so often drunk was prejudiciall both to his estate and bodily health, and that it were far better to spend that at home in his house, then in a Tavern: with such Patron-like speeches, alwayes concluding her exhortations with a vowe, that if ever he came home again in the like pickle, she would (happen what would come) sling the child into the Moat, (for the house was moated round.) It happned shortly after that he revelling till late in a cold frosty Winter evening, she having intelligence by her scouts where he was, made no doubt he would come home flustered: she commands the Infant to be conbaid to the farther part of the house, and to wzap the Cat in the blankets, put it in the Cradle, and there sit and rock it. Presently comes her husband, she falls to her old lesson of quarrelling with him, and he with her, ill words begot worse, lewd language past betwixt them. The woman suddenly steps to the Cradle, (having spied her advantage) I have long threatned thee a mischief, and that rebenge I cannot worke on thee (come dogs, come devills) I will inflict on thy Brat in the Cradle, instantly snatched it up in her armes, and ran with it to the Moat side, and flings it into the middle of the water: the poore man much affrighted, leaves to pursue her, and leaps into the water, up in mud and water to the chin, crying Save, oh save the child: now waded he in the moat in a very better cold frost, till he brought out the Mantle, and with much pain and danger comes to the shore, and still crying, Alas my poore child, opened the cloathes; at length the frighted Cat cryed Mew, and being at liberty leapt from betwixt his armes, and ran away. The husband both amazed and vexed, the woman heartily laughed at her rebenge, and the poore man was glad to reconcile the difference, before she would either gibe him fire or dry linen.

The fools trick to fatten the Popes Horse.

I Have heard it reported, that the Pope had a horse, who for many excellent qualities was by him very highly esteemed, in so much that he made good the old Proverb, Too free to be fat: for let his Grooms use the utmost of their skill, yet would he not be fat, of which the Pope complaining daily to his Cardinals, Priests, and Gentlemen, in a great fury threatened his Grooms to turn them away, if they could not find a means to fatten his horse. May it please your Holiness (quoth his fool or Jester standing amongst the rest) I will reach you how to fatten him quickly. Let me heare thou fool (quoth the Pope) it is good sometimes to hear a fool speak, for a fools bout is soon shot. May it then please your Holiness (quoth the Jester) make him a Cardinall, for so long as they are inferior men, they look thin and leane; but once Cardinall, and ever after as fat as fools.

A pretty tale of two Friers.

A Knight that had served in the warres in France in the time of Henry the sixth, and now retiring to live in his own Country, had a wife a vertuous and faire Lady, and having abundance of living, thought of some pious work for his soules health, thereupon built a faire Church, joyning to his house, a Monastery for twelve Friers and an Abbot, with meanes accordingly. In this Convent were two Friers, Frier John, and Frier Richard, these are still at enmity, and could not be reconciled. It was the custome of the Knight and his faire Lady to rise to morning Prayers, her affability and curtesie bred in Frier John a strange unchill boldness, and still with duckes and cringes would attend her coming forth, and she with modesty returned thanks (nothing suspecting) which so incouraged him, that he wrot a letter unto her, setting down a great deale of unnecessary love, which she admiring, shewes her husband, who presently caused an answer to be wrot, and her name

set to it, which did appoint Frier John the next night to meet her in such a chamber about midnight: which being sent, Frier John reads with exceeding joy, and prepares against the time: The time now come, away to the Chamber goes Frier John, where the Knight and his man meets him, and strangletb him. The deed being done, the Knight begins to think of the foulness and hainousness of the fact by him, and his man committed, presently calls about what to doe with the body. At last he resolues to carry him into the Friery, which was (as I said before) at the end ioyning to his house. Up his man gets the Frier, and by a ladder conuayed him down into the Monastery, and sets him upright on the house of office. Now Frier Richard was troubled with a great cold, which all the house took notice of, by reason of his often going to the steele: and so coming by moon light (for so it then was) to the priory, drawing near, spies one there before him, which he perceived to be his old aduersary Frier John. Frier Richard being in haste, calls him away, but he would not stirre, he growing angry, took up a brickbat, throwes it at Frier John, hits him on the breast, down falls Frier John all along, not speaking a word, then steps Frier Richard to help him up and finding him starke dead, supposing he had kill'd him, what shall I now doe, the gates are fast locked, soe he cannot: presently remembering the whispering of Frier Johns love to the Lady, and espying a ladder, carries the body into the porch of the Knights Hall. While this was doing, the Knights conscience much perplext, calls his man to see if none were up about his house: his man going down into the Hall, findes in the porch the body of Frier John returned, which presently he acquaints his Master with, who almost astonished, resolues to try some other project: he remembers an old stallion that had been a horse of service, notwithstanding in his stable, and withall an old rusty armour hanging in his Armoury, commands both instantly to be brought, with a case of old pistols, and a Lance: the horse is saddled and caparisoned, the armour put upon the Frier, and he fast bound to the seat, the Lance tyed to his waist, his headpiece clasped on, and beater up, the skirts of his gray gown, serued for Bases: thus being compleatly ar-

med, they purpose to turne him out without either a Page or a Squire to attend him. Whilst these things were thus sitting, Friar Richard in the Monastery no less perplext in mind then the Knight, dreading the strictness of the Law, casting all his wits about, thinks it the safest way to be gone: knowing the miller near hand to have a Mare, and being himself fat of body, thought better trust to four legs then two, got upon the Mare, and at break of day out of the gate goes he. Just at the same time when the Knight set forth the Knight arrant, the horse sends the Mare, and after her Gallops: Friar Richard looking back, amazed to see an armed Knight pursue him, for he might partly discern his face by the Moon, away flies he through the streets, after him (or rather after the Mare) speeds the horse. With the noise the people are wakened out of their slaps, and looks out of their windows: it was Friar Richards ill hap to ride into Turn-again Lane, that had no passage through, there Friar John overtakes him, and the horse mounts upon the Mare, and with his violent motion the rusty armour makes a terrible noise. Friar Richards guilty conscience cries out guilty, guilty of the murder: at which words of murder the people being amazed, run out of their beds into the streets, they apprehend miracles, and he confessed wonders, but withall, the grudge between them is known, Friar John is dismounted and sent unto his grave, Friar Richard to prison, he arraigned, and by his own confession condemned. But before the execution, the Knight knowing his own guilty conscience, posses presently to the King, makes his own voluntary confession, bath his life and goods (for his former good service) pardoned him. Friar Richard is released, and the accident still remaines upon Record.

The finding of a Cuckold, and the frightening
the devill.

THere was a time when a great disputation was held in hell what this thing Cuckold should be, since all sorts of people whatsoever examined by Lucifer, and his three Internall Judges, denied themselves to be the same. It was therefore agreed amongst them to send one of the most ingenious devills, by surbeying the earth to find this strange and uncouth creature, and if it were possible to bring him thither alive. With this Commission away goes the devill upon the earth, and shewes himself in the form of a Gallant, thrusts himself into the society of all sorts of people: the Country man knows not what it means, the Citizen denies himself to be the man, the Souldier with oathes out-faces the name, the Lawyer will arrest him upon an action of slander that says he is the man, the Courtier by no means will endure to be the man: in so much that the poor devill was ready to depart to his house of darkness: being meditating of his ill success, at last fell into an Ordinary, where a Citizen being at dice with a company of Gentlemen, having won all their money, and not willing to lend it them again, one of them in great rage call'd him cuckold, at which word the devill grew ioyfull, having found the man so much desired, and said with himself, that is my purchase, and shall be my prize, and bought a great bag to put his new purchase in. To cut off circumstances, he desires to walk with him a turn or two in the fields, where drawing him into an uncouth place, he appears to him in an ugly hairy shape, and tells him from whence he came and to what purpose, therefore wished him quietly to creep into his bag: the man amazed began to struggle with the devill, who laid violent hands upon him. It happened that near unto this place a poor man was digging of grabel, there lay by the edge of the pit a lusty Mastiff dog (which had been a Bear dogg) seeing the Fiend and the man contend, thought (it seems) the Fiend had been a beast of the game, upskips the dog to take the devill by the throat, who presently lets

lets go his hold to secure himself, and away flies he into a wood not far off. The Citizen thus escaped, he willing to make much of his preserver, goes to the man, buys the dog, and both of them put him into the bag that the devill for hast had left behind, thinks now to put a trick upon his Adversary, imagining he would come again by and by, which as soon as they had tied the mouth of the sack fast, slept aside, the devill papes out of the wood, seeing the coast cleare, comes to the place, taking his sack, and gently feeling something stir, imagined it to be the man, throws it with all ioy upon his neck, and down sinkes he to Don Platoes Court, where no sooner come, but his return was rumoured in hell, a Synod called, where Lucifer seated himself in his wonted state, with all his Judges, Princes, and officers about him in expectation of this object so much desired: presently summons are made, and the messenger appears before them with his bag at his back, or rather on his neck, and commanded to discover this strange sight: the sack untied, out flies the dog amongst them, who seeing so many ugly creatures, thought he had been among the Bears in Waris Garden, spying Lucifer to be the greatest, and most illfavoured amongst them, first leaps at him, and then at the rest, which soever stood next him, away flies the devills, every one shifts for himself, the Sessions are dissolved, the bench and baile dock cleared, that ever since that time the name of a Cuckold hath been so terrible unto them, that they had rather entertaine into their sad dominions twenty of their wives, then any that so much as hath the name of a Cuckold.

How a Welchman stole a Bull.

THere was a Welchman that wanting money, and not knowing how to come honestly by it, going through a pasture, there stood in his way a Bull with a cut taile, it came into his mind that he had better drive that Bull to the faire, (for there was a Beast-faire but six miles off) and there to make money of him, then to play the Thiefe and steal. But one thing troubled him much, which was, lest the owner should pursue him, and then he might hap to look through a hempen window, therefore he procured a beasis taile, and very cunningly fastned it to the Bull, so that he had a very fair taile: so to the fair he drives him, and takes up his place upon the Ribers bank. But the Market proved so slow, that the owner came before he had sold him, and viewing the Bull well, said to a neighbour of his, Had this Bull a cut taile I would sweare it was my Bull, which the Welchman hearing, said to him, Sir will you sweare this is your Bull? Sure said the owner, if he had a cut taile I should sweare it. I will try that quoth the Welchman, and presently he steps to the Bull, and with his sword cuts off his taile above the place where he had fastned the false taile, and so throwes it into the River, Saying, Now sir, will you sweare it is your Bull? The man seeing the Bull bleed extreamely, was afraid, and away he went, leaving the Welchman to make the best he could of his Bull.

FINIS.
